

5-1911

My Wife is a Suffragette!

Freya

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THE FAIRIES OF FREYA -

May Day PRESENT

1911



My Wife is a SUFFRAGETTE !

MY WIFE IS A SUFFRAGETTE

ORIGINAL WORDS, SONGS AND MUSIC BY
MEMBERS OF ORGANIZATION, 1911

HOLLINS
VIRGINIA

Prayer of the Fairies of Freya to the May Queen.

Oh, Radiant Queen, who o'er all thy rule doth sway,
Look down on us who now so humbly supplicate,

And hear our prayer,

Hear our prayer,

And bring the joyous spring to us to-day.

Oh, thou who art supreme o'er every mount and little
stream,

As kneeling here we beg thine ear,

Oh, hear our prayer, our humble prayer,

And give us aid, that we may sing,

Oh, once more give the gladsome spring

With hearts of praise, of joy and praise.

Oh, hear our prayer,

Our humble prayer.

Pity, we pray, we pray,

Thine humble servants pray.

Still forever shall we love thee,

Give to us our queen again.

Enter Freya Bird.

Chorus

She comes, she comes, our Radiant Queen

And joyfully we sing;

She spreads the hills and fields with green,

Our Lady of the Spring.

Let all the universe rejoice

Upon this gladsome day,

And spread the tidings with one voice,

'Tis May, May, May, 'tis May, May, May.

The winter winds are far away,

Every heart is blithe and gay.

And joyfully again we say,

'Tis May, May, May.

She comes, she comes, our Radiant Queen

And joyfully we sing;

She spreads the hills and fields with green,

Our Lady of the Spring.

Let all the universe rejoice

Upon this gladsome day,

And spread the tidings with one voice,

'Tis May, May, May,

'Tis May, May, May.

Queen—I thank you for this gentle welcome, friends,

Ye fairies gay and mortals gathered here,

And now we come, when dreary winter ends,

To celebrate the springtime of the year.

Now, happy Maytime calls from every mound,

From every stream and silver rippling rill,

That lovely flowers ever will abound.

And Freya's golden apples ripen still,

And so, make glad your hearts and banish care,

And let the whole world ring with joy to-day.

While here, when everything is blithe and fair,

Give ear, we pray thee, to our Freya's Play.

GENTLE BREEZES

Chorus

*Gentle breezes, softly blow,
Bear to her our greeting.
Sing your song so clear and low,
Waters by us fleeting.
Softly, softly silver showers,
Softly, softly silver showers,
From the grey sky falling,
From the grey sky falling.
Spring in her path ye lovely flowers,
Welcome now ye joyous hours.
Hear our springtime calling,
Glad some Maytime calling.
Soon within our midst again,
Laugh we may at hail and rain,
Freya in thy courts to-day
Hail we thee, the Queen of May!*

Freya Bird—All hail! Ye people gather here to-day,
Right gladly do we bid you to our court,
Where once again we come to greet the May
And welcome here with dance and festive sport.
All hail! The joy of spring laughs o'er the land.
The hill sides breathe, the silver brook is gay,
While every tree in budding wonder stands,
And springtime hails the advent of our play—

So joyous nature beauty wondrous waits,
Her symbol dear our mystic band will bring,
Her beauty every budding flower relates,
So, hail our Queen, fair emblem of the spring.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The May Queen. — *Laura Tucker*

Freya Bird. — *Jane Cooke*

Mr. Parry Sichte of New York. — *Kate Brosius*

Le Duck de Pharoah See of Pantouffle. — *Stella Baldwin*

Sad U. See, a cynical bachelor, brother of Pharoah
See. — *Man Lake*

Dan Maitland of Baltimore, a tourist in Pantouffle. — *Liz Strieb*

Le Duck de Porpoise, Prime Minister in Pantouffle. — *May, Scott*

Captain Mercury Marine, a retired sea captain, on his
honeymoon. — *Douglas Hill*

Pericles

Cymbeline } nephews of Mr. Parry Sichte. — *Courtney Rude*

Mercutio } — *Barbara Coe*

Waiter at Hotel de Soulier. — *Katharine Calloway*

Vivienne Merlin of Marigny's, a music hall in Pan-
touffle. — *Eloise Buecher*

Suzanne, a maid and Chorus. — *Julia Owen*

Liz Martin, a lady cabby of Pantouffle and Chorus. — *Roy*

Cozette de Ville, designer of the Pantouffle skirt and
Chorus. — *Anna Muchelov*

Mrs. Aphrodite Marine on her honeymoon. — *Helena Harris*

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 Chorus. — *Anna Muchelov*

Mrs. Aphrodite Marine on her honeymoon. — *Helena Harris*

Mrs. Yura Sichte, a Suffragette in search of her husband. - *little May Sichte*
Countess Esther d'Ahasuerus of Pantouffle. *May Sichte*

SCENE—In the garden of Hotel de Soulier in Pantouffle.

TIME—Any old time.

"MY WIFE IS A SUFFRAGETTE"

Enter Parry Sichte.

Parry Sichte (groans, looking at his feet)—If de shoe fit youse put it on, but if de shoe don't fit youse put it on anyhow. (Sees the May Queen and Freya Bird, and crosses the stage to them.) Why, 'tis the goddess of liberty a sitting down. I Ben Greet youse, Mademoiselle! When did youse come over? I'm mighty proud to see youse. It does a man's heart good, in foreign parts, to see a familiar face. Shake! Of course, Madame, not wishing to be presumptuous, far be it from me, but don't you think you need a little jacket. This air is very chilly and that little thin muslin won't produce sufficient warmth for youse body, and youse will certainly sap your vitality. Allow me to put youse bouquet in water. No? Oh, very well. Madame, if youse papa here has no serious objections, seeing as how I'm a long-suffering

married man with a suffragette wife and three nephews, could I sit here a while on this step—I just can't do a thing with my feet. (Sits down and stretches his feet out before him.) Madame, look upon these bloody instruments of torture that are doing me duty for shoes.

Enters Duck de Pharoah See (seats himself, with an important air, at table).

Enter Waiter.

Waiter—Order, sir?

Pharoah See—Present this card to Mr. Parry Sichte and say that I await him in the salle-a-manger.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Pharoah See—Mon Dieu, I really cahn't wait. By Jove! The Duck de Poisson will be angry if I do not meet my engagement with him and the Marquis de Waldsteinia is expecting me to lunch.

Enter Parry Sichte.

Parry Sichte—Well, Pharoah, youse hard heart is melted I see. Youse is an early bird and youse is caught youse woirms this time. I've been up since five o'clock blotting up dew from the race track and run the track some half a dozen times. Youse see my Alpine hob-nailed boots are just the things for running. I found the goddess of liberty has come over with her papa, so I sat down and "par-

ried" words with them. They are very affable and such a lovely family!

Pharoah See—My dear Parry, please don't talk at random. Do sit down and explain a few things to me. First, why this sudden trip to Pantouffle? Your coming has broken up a jolly house party at the Duchess de Highflyer's and incidentally caused me to forego the pleasure of accepting the hand of the Countess Esther d'Ahasuerus, who belongs to one of the first families of Pantouffle. Do hurry and explain to me why you cable me *collect* to meet you at the best hotel in the city where the clerk tells me you are stopping for an indefinite time at *my* expense. The Duchess's machine is awaiting me.

Parry Sighte (languidly crossing his knees and swinging his slippered foot)—If youse had stopped that mouth organ of yourse half an hour ago I could hurry, but youse so love to vocalize that youse could not let up on that habit of dropping youse jaws. (To waiter) Garcon, hi! Bring two sarsaparillas and your best fatted jumbos. Pharoah wants some one to hurry so youse can. I'm sleepy (yawn).

Waiter—Yes, sir. (Exits.)

Parry Sighte—Pharoah, old chappy, youse must calm youseself. The Duchess can wait. She's prob-

ably in no hurry for youse to return. I think I'd loike to meet youse Duchess. Shall we go out while we are waiting for the liquer? Shall I kiss her hand of courtesy?

Pharoah See—Parry Sighte, don't parry words with me. Hasten, I pray you. I really cahn't wait, bah Jove! *Why* are you over here? *How long* are you going to stay? *Where* are you going to stay? *Who* will pay your bills? Tell me (leans across the table).

Enter Vivienne Merlin.

Parry Sighte—Pretty goirl! Rather chick! don't youse think? Well, Pharoah, because of youse much speaking I'll impart my secret into youse shell pink. Lend me an ear (plucks Pharoah See by ear) while I relate the dolorous tale. I niver loike to speak of my domestic and connubial affairs and this really makes me weep with loving gusto. (Weeps.) But Pharoah! Oh, hold my hand during this recital. Recitals are always sad. My wife, my sweet, devoted, cherished wife—oh, Pharoah—

Pharoah See—What, Parry, hurry. Is she dead? Is Yura Sighte dead?

Parry Sighte—Dead? Huh! No such good luck. She's a SUFFRAGETTE! !

Pharoah See (calmly)—Suffering for Jetts? Why don't she go to the store?

Parry Sichte—Not suffering for Jetts! She's a Suffragette. That's a deucedly pretty goirl over there. Alone, too.

Pharoah See—Remember you are a married man. Besides, it is highly improper for a young lady of her age to receive attentions from the opposite sex. The mere suggestion is unprecedented in the history of elegant females.

Parry Sichte—Pshaw, my wife is a Suffragette. Aha, here's Garcon with our drinks. (Hands check to Pharoah See and pours out drinks.) Give him a large tip, Pharoah, I always like to be generous. (Holds glass up to the light.) I always was a connoisseur of good wine and good-looking goirls. Yes, Pharoah, that goirl does mightily please me fancy. I tell youse—

Pharoah See—Parry, I beg you to finish your tale. The Count is expecting me. I cahn't wait. Why—

Parry Sichte—Don't count too much on the Count. Youse is getting mixed in youse vernacular. The Duchess waits, the Count waits. I didn't think youse intimate friends was waiters and waitresses. Oh, yes, why— (swings his foot and sips drink) Why? Why do I look at that goirl? Because my

wife is a Suffragette. (Turns to waiter.) Why do youse wait? Are youse a Count or —?

Waiter—I am no count and I am a waiter because I have a sick mother and six nephews to support and —

Parry Sichte—Suffering Suffragette! Six! That will do, Garcon. Take this nickel and support youse nephews. I know what it is to be an uncle. I have three little nephews myself.

Waiter—Thank you, sir. Would you care for anything else? Anything sweet?

Parry Sichte—Yes, youse can bring me the loidy at the next table.

Pharoah See—Parry Sichte! Why?

Parry Sichte—Yes, Pharoah, why did I do that? Because my wife is a Suffragette. Yes, I ran away from home. I'm an outcast, a wanderer upon the earth's mug, a wide-awake Rip Van Winkle who, instead of going to sleep came to this day and night cafe, Pantouffle. I thought youse would be glad to see me and naturally consorting with Ducks and Counts and waiters et cetera, and one thing and another like that you'd want youse brother to stop at the best hotel, so I came to this Soulier joint. Right nifty, ain't it? And knowing you to be of a generous disposish you wouldn't mind paying for

my board and keep for a while as I left hurriedly and didn't have time to cash a check.

Pharoah See (coldly)—Thanks for your very lucid explanation.

Parry Sighte—Youse is welcome. Keep the change. I never bother with anything smaller than a penny.

Waiter (to Vivienne Merlin)—The gentleman at the next table expressed a desire to meet you.

Vivienne Merlin—Seems to me he sent it by male. Who is he?

Waiter—Mr. Parry Sighte of New York and it is the Duck de Pharoah See with him.

Vivienne Merlin—I'll come. (Crosses over to table.) You expressed a desire to meet me and sent it by male. I come by special delivery and registered male. (Points to the waiter's number.)

Parry Sighte—Permit me. This is Mr. Parry Sighte, you presume, and his brother Pharoah See, Miss —?

Vivienne Merlin—Vivienne Merlin of Marigny's. But how can you be brothers when your names are different?

Parry Sighte—Ask me something hard. I changed mine when I married, many years ago when I was a mere child. Youse said youse was of Marigny's? Is that by any means any kin to me

old friend Captain Mercury Marine? Youse is please to meet me. Have a seat and join us in our drink. The waiter can bring another straw.

Vivienne Merlin—Thank you, but I never drink anything as weak as Sarsaparilla. Benedictine, waiter. (Parry leans across the table and talks to her in an undertone.)

Pharoah See (coughs)—The Duchess is waiting.

Parry Sighte—So is the waiter. Sorry youse have to leave so soon, Pharoah. Drop in again when youse touring in youse air-ship. Make youself free of my apartments. My valet will attend you. Order what youse want and put it on *youse* bill. Olive oil! (Exit Pharoah See.)

Enter Dan Maitland.

Dan Maitland (hurriedly)—I say, Vivienne, Pierre told me that you were waiting for me here. Ah! Pardon me.

Parry Sighte—Coitainly, sir, we will pardon youse. But you ought to know better than to butt in when two darlings are together; though, of course, we are not crazy about each other in a darling way. We just love each other loads. I'm sorry to inform youse that the loidy has a previous engagement. Also I don't care to have you speaking so familiarly to my fiancée.

Dan Maitland—Your what?

Parry Sighte (calmly)—My fiancée. The loidy has an engagement with me; therefore she is engaged to me; therefore my fiancée. How's that for Logic?

Dan Maitland—But Vivienne —

Parry Sighte—Sir, I have fully explained matters to you. We will allow you to leave us.

Vivienne Merlin—Dan, I'll see you at 9:30 in the covered way.

Dan Maitland—But Vivienne, who is this man—

Vivienne Merlin—Pardon me. Dan, this is Mr. Parry Sighte, of New York. Mr. Maitland, of Baltimore. (They bow coolly.)

Parry Sighte—Youse is pleased to meet me.

Dan Maitland—But Vivienne, I had a date with you and——

Vivienne Merlin—Dan, don't make a scene. People are coming.

Dan Maitland—I'll see about this later. (Retires to table at back of stage.)

Enter Girls from Marigny's.

First Girl—Oh, Vivienne, the manager is furious. He's been looking everywhere for you.

Vivienne Merlin—Tell him I'm engaged.

First Girl—Oh, te! he! Introduce us to your fiancé.

Second Girl—Isn't he sweet?

Third Girl—Where did you get him?

Vivienne Merlin—Girls, this is Mr. Parry Sighte, of New York.

Parry Sighte—Youse is happy to meet me.

Vivienne Merlin—Mr. Parry Sighte, these are the girls from Marigny's.

SONG—We are the Girls from Marigny's

*We've come to hear your story, sir,
We'd like to know the reason,
Oh fie, for shame to stain our name,
We never thought such treason.*

Chorus:

*For we are the maids of the merry Marines,
Your words are a trifle misplaced, sir!
We hardly know who's run away with your shoes,
For we are the maids of Marines, the maids of
the merry Marines.*

*And now we'd give a word of advice,
In speaking of your feet, sir,
We're really wise as to their size,
And it cannot be beat, sir.*

Chorus:

Parry Sighte (in the midst of the girls)—Gee I'm just poifectly happy!

Enter Captain and Mrs. Marine.

Captain Marine—Did I hear youse goirls say youse was mine? I ain't got no goirls, so it ain't so. Excuse me. Py golly, 'tis Parry Sichte! Upon my word! For fot would Mrs. Yura Sichte say? Wee Wifey, I never leaf youse, never! Ach, Heafens! dey is been trinking. (To Parry Sichte) Ach, Parry, we is so klad to see youse, yes!

Parry Sichte—Youse begs my pardon, sir. I'm engaged.

Mrs. Marine (aggressively)—Youse is married Parry Sichte. I vas flower goirl mit youse wedding. Der Captain shall telephone youse wife mit all dispatch, yes, alretty yet!

Parry Sichte—Madame, youse intrudes. Butts in! Can't youse see the line is busy? I'm not the little boy in blue youse is waiting for. This loidy is me fiancée.

Mrs. Marine—Oh, for Gootness sake! Captain, I haf been resulted, yes! Punch him mit his face, yes!

Captain Marine—Ach, dad gast it! Parry, if youse do not at vonce pardon my Wee Wifey for her intrusion, I vill be forced to say a few unkindt words mit youse. Remember. (Retire to other table.)

Parry Sichte—Begone wid ye. I niver knew youse. (To Vivienne) Won't youse have some more wine? They are very pretty friends of yours, Snookums!

Vivienne Merlin—They are very pretty friends of yours, also. But what's the song and dance they are giving you about your wife? Sort of an extra, wasn't it? Didn't expect it on the regular program. Kind of a surprise recital. Oh, you sly one! Well, if you don't beat the Dutch!

Parry Sichte—I will beat the Dutch.

Vivienne Merlin—But I guess I'd better find Dan. Maybe you would rather be with your friends and talk over old times. You seemed so glad to see them.

Parry Sichte—Oh, say, Cutey, ain't I youse Baby-Doll? Youse is guessed my secret. I'm a gentleman with a past. There has been a dark woman in my life, but me and Shakespeare niver repeats, so this time I choosed a blonde.

Vivienne Merlin—What became of this dark lady?

Parry Sichte—She went the way of all good women.

Vivienne Merlin—Where, to Heaven?

Parry Sichte—No, to Illinois. They've just got Woman Suffrage there.

Captain Marine—Dad gast it! Py golly! I sign the

pledge alretty yet. I never trink another trop. I'm seeing wrong. I'm a stewed tomato a la Hollins if I did not alretty know him. How could I forget such a face. Py golly. Hi, waiter, another ginger pop mit two straws.

Parry Sichte—Surely I will go to the theater with youse, but I must change me shoes. I niver go out in me house slippers. Excuse me. (Exit Parry Sichte.)

(Girls gather around Vivienne.)

First Girl—Where did you get him?

Second Girl—Oh, the manager will love him.

Vivienne Merlin (to Dan)—Oh, Dan, you look so angry. Please don't be. Let me explain.

SONG—*To Dan*

*Dan, you're so unfeeling,
See how I'm appealing.
Dearie, don't you know I love but you?
I was only fooling,
See, your love is cooling.
Why should you be cruel and heartless too?
Every smile you give me,
Stays forever with me,
Every glance and little thing you do.
Dan, you know you'd miss me,*

Dear, make up and kiss me.

Don't you know that I love you?

Mrs. Marine (to one of the girls who is singing to the Captain)—Get away, you forward thing. I ain't agoing to haf no one projecting mit my husband.

Enter Sad U. See and nephews.

Pericles—Ain't

Cymbeline—It

Mercutio—Nice?

Sad—Naw, I'd ruther be in Jersey City.

Pericles—Where's

Cymbeline—Uncle

Mercutio—Parry Sichte?

Sad—Aw say, youse is crazy to come over here. I ain't never got over being sea sick.

Waiter—Order, sir?

Sad—Ain't I behaving? I'm in perfect order. Naw, I don't want nothing. What do you kids want?

Pericles—We

Cymbeline—Want

Mercutio—Uncle Parry Sichte.

Pericles—Oh, de

Cymbeline—Pretty

Mercutio—Ladies.

Pericles—Ain't
Cymbeline—It
Mercutio—Nice?

Sad—Naw, shut up. Here's yer Uncle Parry Sichte that you drug me acrost two thousand miles of sea sickness to find. I wish I had Miss Slowboy to tend to you kids.

Parry Sichte (speaking to some one outside)—The Duck shall not pay you one penny if youse do not cough them up. Youse needn't tell me that again. Youse is secreting my shoes. It's a trick you will play on poipose on me. I want me shoes. Do youse understand? Youse gave them to some loidy and youse is got to find them.

Sad—Aw, what's eating on you, Parry? No lady would wear your shoes.

Parry Sichte (turns)—Dear Sad, I salute you. (He falls on his neck and kisses him on both cheeks.) I am overcome mit joy, my dear Sad.

Sad—Aw, git off. Youse is hoiting me collar.

Parry Sichte—Ah! my Pericles, Cymbeline, Mercutio. I'm happy to behold youse sweet, innocent faces again.

Pericles—Howdy
Cymbeline—Uncle
Mercutio—Parry Sichte.

Parry Sichte—What could have brought youse over—
Pericles—A boat,
Cymbeline—Uncle
Mercutio—Parry Sichte.

Sad—Your wife——

Parry Sichte (to Vivienne)—Oh, Vivienne, I am so distressed to keep youse waiting. Permit me to to let youse meet my dear cheerful brother, Sad U. See, and to *let you see* my sweet nephews, Pericles, Cymbeline, and Mercutio, cherubs as *you see*.

Pericles—Ain't
Cymbeline—she
Mercutio—nice?

Sad—Awful proud to make your acquaintance.

Parry Sichte—Sad, you see this is my fiancée.

Sad—Aw, shut up. Youse is got a wife.

Parry (flippantly)—Oh, my wife is a suffragette.

Song—(Parry and Vivienne)

MY WIFE IS A SUFFRAGETTE

*Although my wife's a suffragette,
I want it plain to youse,
That she's a suffragette from choice—
I'm suffering yet from shoes.*

Chorus:

*Oh, my wife is a suffragette,
And I am happy here, you bet;
I'd hardly let her find me yet.
For my wife is a suffragette.*

*Now though you see, my gentle friends,
Your sympathy condoles,
I hope that she's in Mexico—
She may be at the polls.*

Chorus:

Enter Messenger.

Messenger—Mr. Parry Sighte! Message for Mr. Parry Sighte. Youse de man?

Parry Sighte (importantly)—I'm Mr. Parry Sighte, of New York. (To Sad) Sad, lend me ten cents to tip this boy. I declare I'll pay you back tomorrow when my check comes.

Sad—Quit your kidding.

Exit Messenger.

Parry Sighte—Ladies and gents, this is a billet doux from his royal highness the old Duck de Porpoise, and he wants a date with me. Sad, loosen up and let me have a little change. I must buy a new hat band before the Duck comes. These Tyrolean beavers is very chick this season. Ah, here comes the Duck.

Enter Duck de Porpoise.

Pericles—Ain't
Cymbeline—He
Mercutio—Fat?

Sad—Shut up. Personal remarks is bad manners. Can't I teach you nothing?

Porpoise—Mr. Parry Sighte, the late Mayor of Pantouffle is dead.

Parry Sighte—Youse don't tell me. It's awful, Sad. You see I'm touched.

Porpoise (bows)—And leaving no heirs—
Parry Sighte (bows)—Do tell!

Porpoise (bows)—The throne of Pantouffle is vacant, and hearing that you had honored this country with a visit, you have been chosen by a unanimous majority of the Council of Ancients as the only fit man for the place. I take pleasure in bestowing upon you the title of His Honor the Mayor of Pantouffle.

Pericles—Uncle Parry
Cymbeline—Is
Mercutio—Mayor.

Parry Sighte (bows)—This is so sudden. Your Fatness, I accept mit pleasure. I appreciate the favor. Youse is treated me handsome.

Porpoise (to waiter)—Bring the robes of state and crown, and the throne.

*SONG—Long Live the Mayor of Pantouffle
Hail to our Mayor's fame, our Mayor's fame,
Songs gladly raise,
Here, for his name, we claim
Tribute and praise.
Shout we and welcome him, welcome him,
Hail golden days,
Now bear our cry on to the sky,
Hail and praise!*

Parry Sichte (on throne)—I will endeavor to do me best. My first command is—Bring every loidy in Pantouffle before me. Some loidy is got me shoes, and I must find them. The one what has me shoes on her pedals shall be my Mayoress. Duck de Porpoise, command my army, if they haven't all gone to Mexico, to scour the country. Captain, youse I appoint Admiral-in-Chief of my fleet. Scour the seas and see if any mermaid has my shoes. Youse may feel certain that no mere maid could wear my shoes, but I wishes you to leave no leaves unturned to get a group upon the subject. Pericles, Cymbeline, and Mercutio, you can be my pages and hold up my train.

Pericles—Ain't it nice

Cymbeline—To hold

Mercutio—Up trains.

Sad—You better not hold up no trains. You'll git put in jail.

Parry Sichte—Mrs. Aphrodite Marine, I appoint you Mistress of the Robes, and Sad, you see you can be my Prime Minister.

Sad—I'd a lot rather be youse Master of the Pantry. I don't care for the clerical profesh.

Parry Sichte (to Dan)—Young fellow, I banish youse from Pantouffle. Youse ain't got no ambish.

Enter Cozette and Harem Skirt Chorus.

Captain—Oh, you little Harem Scarems!

Cozette—Your Honor, the proclamation has gone forth that every lady in the city will be brought before you. Pray state what you desire of us, for we must hasten away to devise new styles. This is the latest creation of fashion, the Pantouffle Skirt.

Parry Sichte (aside)—I wonder how Yura Sichte would look in one of those. Have one of them skirts made and sent to me and the bill to the Duck de Pharoah See. I sent for you, my dear Madame, in order to ascertain if you happened to have my shoes.

Cozette—Your Honor, we do not deal in shoes. Perhaps you could find what you want at Bachrach's.

SONG—*We are the Harem Scarems*
We are maidens with a purpose,
And our ever eager aim
Is to superaid the advent
Of the Harem Scarem fame.
Oh, you'll find you're just in fashion,
And 'twill fit you like a dream,
And you're really quite delighted
In the Harem Scarem scheme.

Chorus

We represent the latest fad,
The Harem Scarems we;
But though our knowledge may be sad,
On this we all agree,
Our motto is to wear 'em,
Although perhaps we'll scare 'em,
And thus you'll find we're always clad,
The Harem Scarems we.

Now although perhaps you startled
At our over-ardent dream,
And you think our plan is foolish,
And you think our dress extreme.
Yet, you're eager to be stylish,
And you'd keep in fashion's pace,
And the world no longer hobbles
In the Harem Scarem race.

Chorus

Parry Sighte—Well, if youse haven't got my shoes
 youse can't be my Cinderella. Captain, go out
 and see what you can send in. I must find my
 shoes.

Captain—I vill go mit all dispatch, yes. I vill come
 back mit my tead pody maybe, yes, if youse shoes
 does not come back. Wee wifey, I leaf you, I bit
 you farewell. Be a goot little girly while your
 Sweet Lovely is away. I leaf you, yes, but I
 return. (To one of the girls on his way out)
 Py-py, oh, you kiddo.

Parry Sighte—Captain, I fine youse twenty-three cents
 for insubordination. I collect the fine now as I'm
 out of change. I release youse on bail if youse
 finds me shoes and pay me twenty-three cents
 more for keeping me waiting. (Exit Captain.)

Enter Suzanne and Maid Chorus.

SONG—*We are the Beauty Makers*

We don't know what's the matter with you,
You hardly fit our plan;
If that was all your hatter could do,
It's probably all he can.
And yet because we're dutiful, sir,
We think, indeed, you'll suit;
For though you're hardly beautiful, sir,
At least we think you're cute.

Beauty chorus —
Jessie Owens, Ruthy Riddick,
Fama Agnew, Florence
Barlow, Eliz. Thompson, Alice
Lincoln

*And so because we're sensible sir,
We'd like to make you sweet.
Your features aren't presentable, sir,
Your hair is hardly neat;
But though you're quite deplorable, sir,
And really loads of fun,
We'll make you look adorable, sir,
Before our task is done.*

Suzanne—Your Honor, Attendance and Attention is our motto in our business. Our watch words are, Trying,

Second Girl—Obeying,

Third Girl—Patience,

Fourth Girl—Attention,

Fifth Girl—Striving,

Sixth Girl—Studying—the wishes of our customers.

Suzanne—If it suits your majesty, we will attend you with all attention for we are maids to the Mayor of Pantouffle.

Parry Sighte—But me dear loidies, though youse is most welcome and I shall be most happy to have youse in attendance, my object in sending for youse is to see if youse have my shoes.

Suzanne—Your Honor, we shine nails, not shoes; and we know naught of your shoes. If we cannot serve you we will return to our native habitat.

(Each girl puts her foot out) You see, we haven't got your shoes.

Enter the Captain.

Captain (running up with a pair of baby shoes)—How is dese, yer Honor?

Sad—Who is de flying Dutchman?

Parry Sighte—Upon me honor, youse must think I have a Trilby foot to fit those. Try again, good Captain.

Exit the Captain.

Parry Sighte (to maids)—But I change me mind. Loidies, proceed in youse ministrations. Attend me and make me beautiful. There's enough material in the outline of my countenance to be worked up into a glorious structure. (They all gather around manicuring, brushing his hair and clothes.)

Second Girl—Do you like puffs or a Detroit pompadour? They are very good this season. Perhaps you'd like an Urbana coiffure?

Parry Sighte (meekly)—I'm not choice, but I would like a ribbon. They're real elegant, I think. Send the bill to Captain Marine. He's a rich-looking gentleman.

Sad—So long, Parry. I ain't going to stay any longer.
I got an engagement mit a loidy.

Parry Sichte—Youse don't fool me, Sad, you see.

Sad—I cannot tell a falsehood, Parry. 'Tis so.

Parry Sichte—Can't I implore you, our dear Sad, to
tarry yet a while mit us in our court. Bring youse
loidy here and we will help youse court her.

Sad (aside)—Guess he wouldn't be so anxious if he
knew who me friend was. I got to go, Parry.

Enter the Captain (with sandals).

Captain—How is dese, yer Honor?

Parry Sichte—I ain't no barefoot boy mit cheeks of
tan. Dear Captain, don't be so vague and scat-
tering.

Exit the Captain.

Second Girl (to Sad)—Shall I not make you smart
before you go? Cutey, let me tie your tie. (She
dances around him.)

Sad—Oh, you little fairy!

Second Girl—Don't you need a little fairy in your
home? A Fairy of Freya, I mean, of course.

SONG—*Don't You Want a Little Fairy in Your
Home?*

*They say that you're a fairy, ma'am,
Sh, sh, don't say that word;*

*Hanna { Chorus - Anna Muckler of,
Deanna { Francis Mitchell, Rachel
Chorus. { Wilson, Swannan & Horne
Sarah
Jennings*

*They say that you are scary, ma'am,
But really I've not heard.*

Chorus:

Well, don't you want a little fairy

In your home, sir?

I hope the meaning it is doubly clear to you, sir;

By a secret invitation of a dread organization,

Oh, don't you want a little fairy

In your home?

They say that you're a Freya, sir,

Sh, sh, don't say that word;

And thus sometimes a liar, sir,

But really I've not heard.

Chorus:

Parry Sichte—Sad, you see you better go. Your
loidy friend is waiting for the court.

Sad—Naw, I ain't a-going. I'm as firm as the Rock
Family. I'm from North Carolina and I've got
tar on my heels.

Parry Sichte—Miss Louise, you had better mind.
You'll get stuck.

Louise (the second maid)—I'm already stuck—on this
gentleman.

Enter the Captain (with goloshers)

Captain—How is dese, yer Honor?

Parry Sichte—Rubber.

Captain—Yes, dey is rubber and dey will stretch maybe, if dey don't fit and—(He sees Mrs. Marine and Duck de Porpoise who, with arms around each other, still continue to sing.)

Parry Sichte—Continue, good Captain, we will allow youse to finish.

Captain (musingly)—When an irresistible force meets an immovable body—yes—yes—yes—yes—I guess that's reciprocity for you.

Mrs. Marine (turns and sees Captain)—Ach, my Sweet Lovely, you haf returned mitout youse tead pody. I haf missed you sadly.

Captain—Wee Wifey, youse miss me! Py golly! Dad gast it!

Mrs. Marine—Ach, dear Captain, meet me friend, de Duck de Porpoise. We have been giving him a Dutch treat fen youse is been absent.

Captain (to Duck de Porpoise)—I punch youse py youse face, yes, for alienating me Wee Wifey's affections.

Exit the Captain.

Enter Liz Martin and Cabby's Chorus.

*Cabby's Chorus—Rose Hilman,
Katharine Hall, Mary Griffin,
Ruby Dickinson, May Walton,
Annie Coolen*

SONG—Cab, Sir?

*We represent the glory
Of a system new in story;
Don't let us hear you say another word.
You may be on probation,
But in our modern nation,
The creature man is seen but never heard.*

Chorus:

*Cab, sir? Cab, sir?
Come and go riding with us.
You're merely a man,
And your sex is a ban,
Cab, sir? Cab, sir?
Come and go riding with us.
Since habits once acquired
Are ardently admired,
We'd advocate the method of the times.
Our government was lacking,
But now it's really hacking,
For woman here, you see, has got the lines.*

Chorus:

Parry Sichte—No, I prefer to walk if I can find my shoes. I don't want no cab. I've got to take my hour's exercise, but I'll catch cold if I wade through puddles in my house slippers.

Liz Martin—Do tell! We are perfect loidies, sir, and we ain't got your shoes. We are coaching through Pantouffle. (To Dan) My eye! You sweet little man! Come with me and I'll take you joy riding in handsome style. (Dan gets up and goes with her.)

Vivienne Merlin—Oh, Dan —

Dan Maitland—Vivienne, I can't resist this masterful style of wooing.

Enter Pharoah See and Countess Esther d'Ahasuerus.

Pharoah See—Ach, Parry! I want you to meet my fiancée, the Countess Esther d'Ahasuerus.

Parry Sichte (with courtesy)—Charmed, madame!

Countess—Your Honor, as it is the first of May, we are having a little celebration, and I wish to extend to you and all the court an invitation to my May pole dance.

Parry Sichte—We accept mit pleasure. We will come directly.

Enter the Captain (with orange boxes).

Captain—Yer Honor, here is some lemon boxes mit-out toses that I brought from Clementine.

Parry Sichte—Git out, Captain, I ain't got no time to

fool with such lemons as youse. Get into youse own boxes. They fit youse hoofs. I'm going to trip the light fantastic toe at a May pole dance to-day.

Enter Mrs. Yura Sichte.

Mrs. Yura Sichte—Well, we don't know so much about that. You have sent for all the women in this country, and, though I'm a visitor, you'll not slight me. I stand up for my rights because I'm for "Votes for Women." (She unfurls banner with *Votes for Women* on it.)

Mrs. Yura Sichte (turns to Parry Sichte)—I don't know a thing about your shoes. I should think any man ought to be able to look after his own shoes, but they ain't; and if they ain't, they certainly ain't able to look after the government. So I'm for votes for women. I want the women to run the country instead of the men. You're a pretty thing, you are, a'sitting there posing as the Mayor of Pantouffle, when you can't take care of your own shoes. I've a good mind to jerk you off of that soap box throne, and occupy the chair myself. But if you are the mayor of this city, I wish you'd find the scamp that took my Sunday slippers and left these dainty boots before my door. (She puts her foot out.)

Parry Sighte (weakly)—My shoes! My shoes! (He accidentally puts out his foot.)

Mrs. Yura Sighte (aggressively)—My shoes! My shoes! Then you are the man that has been wearing my shoes.

Parry Sighte (takes off crown and bows)—Even so, madame. Youse can be my Cinderella.

Mrs. Yura Sighte (takes off her hat and bows, and they recognize each other)—PARRY SIGHTE!!

Parry Sighte—YURA SIGHTE!!

Mrs. Yura Sighte—You come on home with me. I'll teach you who's boss in our house. Good-bye, ladies, sorry to have to go but Mr. Parry Sighte is so anxious to be at home again. (She drags him off the stage by the neck.)

Pericles—Ain't

Cymbeline—It

Mercutio—Awful!

Pericles—Don't

Cymbeline—Hoit

Mercutio—Uncle Parry Sighte.

SONG—*His Wife is a Suffragette*

*Oh, his wife is a suffragette,
And he's unhappy here, you bet,*

*For now you see again they've met,
And his wife is a suffragette!*

Chorus

*His wife is a suffragette,
And he's unhappy here, you bet,
For once again you see, they've met,
For his wife is a suffragette.
Now though you see, my gentle friends,
Your sympathy condole,
He hopes that she's in Mexico,
But she's got him at the Polls.*

Chorus

SQUELCH SONG

*Did any one ever say to you
"What is that pin?" Or
"What is that ribbon, that curious badge
Or that funny ring?"
Or "Why is it every Monday at four
That you always have to go?"
Don't let her say more,
But speak to her so—
Never let on that you know.*

Chorus

*"I don't know what you could mean,
You may think I am green;*

*But please excuse me,
Truly you amuse me.
I am sure I don't know,
Really I must go!"—
That's the best way to squelch her.
Suppose a girl should happen to say
"Are you a Freya?"
Or "I think you were fine in the play!"
Well, you can't deny her.*

*But look at her so—
And say very slow;
So that she will let it drop,
Give a vacant stare
As if you don't care,
And then she will stop.*

Chorus

Exit to the May Pole Dance

